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(*DRAMA.*)

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The Miller's Daughter;

—OR,—

Bound in Honor.

A DRAMA

IN FOUR ACTS.

—BY—

H. Jay Gibbs.

—x—

——TO WHICH IS ADDED——

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

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—x—

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THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

BASIL LAWRENCE, LORD HARRINGTON,	*An Aristocrat.*
JOHN DERWENT	*Miller.*
SQUIRE THORNTON	
LORD HYDE	
DICKEY BROWN	
HUMPED TOM	
BLACK JOE	
MOUNTAIN MAG	
COUNTESS HARRINGTON	
MRS. DERWENT	
LADY ISABEL HYDE	
BEAUTY LYNNE	
ELSIE, MLLE CERANI,	*The Miller's Daughter.*

Can be doubled to play with five male, four female characters.

JOHN DERWENT, HUMPED TOM,	*Doubled.*
LORD HYDE, BLACK JOE,	*Doubled.*
MOUNTAIN MAG, LADY ISABEL HYDE,	*Doubled*

TIME OF PLAYING—2 HOURS.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—The Miller's Cottage—A mortgaged Home—"Elsie must marry Squire Thornton and save our home"—Mrs. Derwent's doubts—Beauty and Dickey—"I won't be tagged"—Flirtation of the heart—"A bushel and a peck and a hug around the neck"—Basil Lawrence and Elsie—The secret marriage—"My story is told in the falling water of the old mill stream"—Beauty and Basil—The wager—"Are you nasty nice?"—Dickey's picture and the chocolate drops—The telegram—"Beauty, be a friend to Elsie—Beauty and the Squire—Dickey interferes—Elsie refuses to marry Squire Thornton—Driven from home, with a father's curse.

ACT II.—The mountain Witch—Squire Thornton secures her assistance—Basis and his mother, Countess Harrington—The demand—"I am married"—"A miller's daughter"—A mother's resolve—"You are a minor, the marriage is illegal"—The railroad accident, in which Basil is injured—Dickey's letter—attempted abduction of Elsie—Beauty on hand—Rescue of Elsie—"Die you villain"—Death of Squire Thornton—"Oh heaven! he died with a lie on his lips."

ACT III.—Home of Countess Harrington—The ball—Isabel and the Countess—"My one wish is that you become my son's wife"—Basil can't recall the past year"—"'Tis only a dream' —Elsie as Mlle Cerani, attends the ball—Meets Basil—"My husband"—He tells her of his dream—The flower—Isabel and Mlle—"You are an Adventuress"—"No, I am Basil Harrington's deserted wife"—Beauty and Dickey—Lord Hyde proposes to Beauty—The old song, awakened memories—"Elsie, Elsie, my wife!"—Countess Harrington declares the marriage void—Despair of Elsie—"I choose my wife, Elsie"—"Mother, I leave you forever."

ACT IV.—The Miller's cottage—Beauty at home—Beauty tells Elsie's story to her father—"I curse her"—The vengence of heaven—Return of Elsie—Beauty and Dickey—The unexpected caller—Dickey on his knees—Elsie and Basil—"My wife, our marriage was legal—Dickey proposes—"Do I crowd?"—The curse revoked, and Elsie and Basil are now "Bound in Honor."

COSTUMES.

BASIL.—Act 1st; Business suit and hat. Act 2nd; Same, with overcoat, light mustach. Act 3d; Black dress suit, flower in button hole. Act 4th; Business suit, hat.

JOHN DERWENT.—Common suit.

DICKEY BROWN.—Country boy's suit and hat. Act 3d; Dress suit. Act 4th; Business suit.

SQUIRE THORNTON.—Business suit, black mustache, silk hat.

LORD HYDE.—Old man, white hair and whiskers, dress suit.

HUMPED TOM AND BLACK JOE.—Rough suit, slouch hat and black whiskers.

ELSIE.—Act 1; House dress. Act 2nd; Same with hat and coat. Act 3d; Handsome ball costume. Act 4th; Traveling dress, hat and coat.

BEAUTY.—Act 1st; Short dress and apron. Act 2nd; Same with hat and coat. Act 3d; Ball costume. Act 4th; House dress.

COUNTESS.—Act 2nd; Traveling costume. Act 3d; Ball costume.

ISABEL.—Ball costume.

MRS. DERWENT.—Common house dress.

MAG.—Old dress, red shawl, long white hair.

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THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER;

—OR,—

Bound in Honor.

ACT I.

SCENE—Miller's cottage—MR. *and* MRS. DERWENT *discovered sitting at table*, L. U. E.

Mrs. Derwent. There! there! John, it's no use fretting about the old mill. Things are in a bad shape I know, but there is surely some other way to meet our indebtedness beside this.

John Derwent. That's a woman's reasoning. I see no other way, except by contracting this rich marriage. Squire Thornton has done Elsie the honor to offer her his hand, promising to release the mortgage if she accepts, and I have assured him she will. She can not see us go forth from here miserable beggars.

Mrs. D. It seems so like selling the child. John, you seem to forget marriages are made in heaven; it is not for us to choose a husband for Elsie. Let her do that, guided by her own love and instinct.

Mr. D. Love and instinct are not safe guides. Girls of Elsie's disposition, do not know their own hearts. They are attracted to the first handsome face they meet, be he villain or honest man. Why do I see so little of the child lately? Some change seems to have come over her.

Mrs. D. I have not noticed it. But you must remember she is now a woman grown. Husband, do not compel her to wed the Squire against her will, for I know her pure young heart revolts at the idea. Rather than bring sorrow into her life, I would beg from door to door. (*rises*

Mr. D. Easy said, wife, but not so easy done.

Mrs. D. And if she refuses—

Mr. D. She dare not refuse, duty will teach her better. My word is given to the Squire, I must and will keep the faith.

Mrs. D. There is something about that man, which I do not like. Are you sure he is strictly honest in his intentions?

Mr. D. I have always found Squire Thornton an honest man. Do you remember the mortgage on the mill fell due one year ago, when I went to him, stated our circumstances, he kindly gave me one year longer.

Mrs. D. Yes, with 10% interest from a date and security on our little home. Yes, I remember well.

Mr. D. Tut! tut! Elsie will redeem the mortgage.

Mrs. D. And if she refuses—

Mr. D. Then by heaven, she's no child of mine. (*exit*, L. E.

Mrs. D. And he will keep his word. His iron will is not to be broken. (*exit*, L. E.

Enter, BEAUTY *and* DICKEY, R., 1 E.—BEAUTY *singing*.

Beauty. I won't be tagged. If there is one thing I hate, it's a tagger.

Dickey. I like that—who's a tagger? Didn't you whistle me out when you went past our house. You're never satisfied unless you have a beau on the string.

Beau. Ha! ha! All I have to do is to whistle and they come. Oh! they lead me such a life. Auntie says I'm too young—too young! well I guess I'm old enough to know. (*dances and sings*) Hey there! old blushes! what do you think of that?

Dick. I don't blush.

Beau. No! Oh no! you're as red as a boiled lobster now. Oh! Dickey, you're such a nuisance—you're not in it.

Dick. Who is then? I don't want to be.

Beau. You're too bashful. Get tough, be a sport, anything, and may be I might get stuck on you.

Dick. I'm going right home. I won't be talked to in that way, it makes me feel bad.

Beau. Baby! baby! come right here to your mamma; scrooch up real close and I'll tell you something. (*puts his arm around her waist*) Oh! oh! see where you've got your arm?

Dick. Oh! my, you put it there, didn't you? Now I am going home.

Beau. Just put that right back there, I don't in the least mind it. In fact I rather like it. Dickey, the man in the moon may be looking.

Dick. He won't tell. (*she tickles him*) Don't do that, I've got heart disease.

Beau. So have I, flirtation of the heart. Oh! I've got it now. Look, catch me, I'm going to faint, um—(*business—he braces his back to her*) Oh! Dickey, that ain't the way. Say, Dick.

(*whispers*

Dick. Well. (*song and dance introduced*

Beau. Look there Dickey, Mr. Lawrence and Miss Elsie are coming this way, arm in arm, that's the way—(*puts his arm around her waist—ditto both her's*) Wouldn't the Squire feel jealous if he knew that?

Dick. Say, I came up on him the other day, and I heard him say, "This green eyed monster is devouring me. By heaven, I will have her." I didn't know what he meant.

Beau. I do! Oh! for someone to say that about me, I'd marry the man on the spot. Suppose you do—now say it after me. Now—

(*business very tragica*

Dick. But I ain't got no such a thing ailin' me.

Beau. No! you couldn't get up enough feeling.

(*comes near him, he moves away*

Dick. Now you stop. I nearly forgot—I must be going—I'm going fishing.

Beau. Gee! that'll be jolly. I'm going along.

Dick. No, I won't be tagged.

(*goes off to* L. U. E.—*she catches him*

Beau. Oh! but I am—wai'—(*whispers and goes before him*) A bushel and a peck and a hug around the neck. Now I ain't tagging —'ee hee, tra la lee—Say, Dickey, what do you 'spect we'll catch?

Dick. A lickin' if my ma sees us. (*exeunt,* L. E.

Enter, BASIL *and* ELSIE, R. E., *singing "Allan Water."*

Basil. That is such a mournful song.

Elsie. It is like life, first she was gay and fair, then she loved, then she died.

Basil. You do not think love ends in death?

Elsie. Death is the end of all things; it is the end of all lives.

Basil. No, a thousand times no! Who could have believed that you, so young, so bright and fair, could have such gloomy thoughts, such depth of sadness.

Elsie. Am I sad? Basil, why must we live this secret life? Why may I not tell mother we are married?

Basil. That you must not. You see Elsie, I am not of age, I shall not be until September, and if my parents had known, they have power to forbid the marriage. Done without their knowledge, they are of course powerless. When September comes, I shall take you to my mother and say, "This is my wife, take her to your heart."

Elsie. I do not like it.

Basil. But Elsie, it could not be. Where is your reason? If even your father had known, he would have prevented it. In his slow honest mind, he would think such a marriage quite wrong, and were I to disclose to him that I'm an aristocrat, he would have talked about caste and all kinds of nonsense. We must keep the secret a little while longer.

Elsie. Oh! Basil, I love you far too well to bring trouble upon you. If I tried forever, I could not tell how much I love you.

Basil. Dear heart, I can hardly believe my good fortune. How did I win you? Why Elsie, you might be a Queen.

Elsie. I do not think many Kings would come wooing me.

Basil. You are one of nature's Queens, and with your face and voice, might be a Queen of song.

Elsie. And you are my King. Basil, I was wondering if there was anything in our marriage that could possibly make it illegal.

Basil. No! you are my wife before God and man. Nothing shall take you from me. Here Elsie, is a copy of our marriage certificate, and here is the ring the Knights of our house give their fair brides in marriage, and no sweeter bride has ever worn it, than now owns it. (*gives ring and marriage certificate*

Elsie. Basil, shall I seem very much out of place in your home and among your friends?

Basil. My darling, you would grace any home. Mine has had no fairer mistress in all the generations it has stood.

Elsie. I'm half frightened, it seems like such a long leap to take in life for only a miller's daughter. Won't I wake up and find it all a dream?

Basil. It is all true, my wife; I will remain as true as the stars in heaven. It would be easier for me to die, than be false to you.

Elsie. This pretty ring, it reminds me of that song:

The vows were all forgotten,
The ring asunder broke.

I can hear it now. The winds are repeating it.

Basil. It is only your fancy.

Elsie. Basil, I had a terrible dream last night. I could not sleep for hours, when at last my eyes closed, I found myself by the "old mill stream;" I thought I had been driven there by some pain too great for words. I flung myself into the stream, and Oh Basil! I felt myself drowning, I felt my body floating, then sinking. The water filled my eyes, my ears—I died. In my sleep, I went through all the pain of death! But my last thought was of you. I called for you, but you did not come. Oh! Basil, do you think it will ever come true?

Basil. No Elsie, you think too much of these things.

Elsie. Perhaps I do, but it seems my story is told in the falling water of the old mill stream.

Basil. If the water tells of a bright life, all happiness with the most devoted and loving of husbands, then it may tell you as much as it likes. Let us bind our secret with the bonds of honor, darling.

Enter, MRS. DERWENT, R. E.

Mrs. D. Good morning, Mr. Lawrence. Elsie, your father wishes to speak with you. You will excuse her? (*exit*, R. E.

Elsie. It means harm to us Basil, I'm sure it does.

Basil. Nonsense darling, he has some little commission for you at the village. Don't stay any longer than you can help.

Elsie. I will return in half an hour. Oh! Basil, if he has heard—

Basil. He has not heard. Now go—I will think of you till you return.

Elsie. I'm afraid, Basil.

Basil. Elsie, put your arms around my neck. My darling wife I love you, and will be true till eternity. (*kisses her*) Now go—

(*exit*, ELSIE, R. E.

Enter, BEAUTY, L. E., *singing.*

Beau. That was all a fake, that fishing trip. His mother called him in. You bet I'll get even with him yet for that—(*sees* BASIL) Good morning! good morning! (*bows low*) I hope I see you well.

Basil. Yes. Miss Beauty. Let's see, you're the little maid they call the romp?

Beau. Yes, 'cause I have such a jolly good time. Folks call me bad, but I ain't. I'm just naughty. Say, I wish I'd been born a boy, but I wasn't. Say, I can beat any one around here climbing trees. I can beat you up that one out there.

Basil. No. that would be unlady like.

to *Beau.* Oh! I know it, but it would be bushels of fun. You're o nice though. Say, you ain't nasty nice?

Basil. Well, I've never been accused of it. Why? (*laughs*

Beau. 'Cause I hate that kind of people. Say, you are sweet on Elsie, ain't you? Oh! I know it by your complexion! Well, what do you think of the rest of the family. I'm her cousin. Ha! ha! but I ain't half as nice looking, and do you believe it, I steal—yes, steal, I hooked some cookies. Say, you'd better watch out, Squire Thornton is awful spoons after her.

Basil. I have heard he liked Miss Elsie, but that's not to be wondered at, we all love her.

Beau. (*aside*) I knew I'd get it out of him. Oh! I'm an old pumper. (*aloud*) Like her! too weak a word. Say, I'm awful glad I met you this morning. You and Elsie's been painting pictures together, and I've been doing it too. What do you think of it; that's Dickey, only lots better looking. (*shows picture*

Enter, DICKEY, R. E.

(*to* DICKEY) Say, what did you come here again to-day for? Do you mean business? If not, young man you'd better go. (*aside*) That's a good one; gee, ain't he scared?

Dick. I came to borrow some matches.

Beau. Matches! That's a fine story! Why don't you make a match? I know what you've come for. You've come to hug and kiss me nearly to death, but you shan't unless you are the strongest, and I'm glad to say you are.

Dick. I didn't come for that. I feel so shamed.

Beau. No! well, I wish you had. You can go home now, I'm very busy entertaining Mr. Lawrence.

Dick. I brought you something, but I ain't going to give it to you now—chocolates.

Beau. Give 'em to me—give 'em to me.

Dick. Nope! am going to take them back home to our hired gir'. (*turns to exit*

Beau. Old stingy Peter. Bah! bah! wouldn't eat your old candy.

Dick. Say, I guess you can have 'em. I don't like 'em very well, and our hired girl's gone.

Beau. Oh! no thank you, I don't care for them; you better go home—three's a crowd you know. (*exit*, DICKEY, R. E.

Enter, MESSENGER, R. E.

Mes. A telegram, Mr. Lawrence. (*exit*, R. E.

Basil. (*reading—aside*) What! mother here at the Rashleigh Arms? I wonder if she can have heard of our little love affair, and if she has—then I shall confess all, brave her anger—it remains but three months until—

Beau. Good news, Mr. Lawrence?

Basil. It ought to be, but to be honest, it is not. Beauty, if there should anything happen, you will be a true friend to Miss Elsie?

Beau. That I will. I can stick tighter than mucillage—there comes the Squire—

Basil. Then I will bid you good day. It would not be pleasant for us to meet.

Beau. If I was you, I'd stand up and show him I was best man.

Basil. Like beasts. No! Will you tell Miss Elsie to remember our engagement at the mill. (*exit*, L. E.

Enter, SQUIRE, R. E.

Squire. Ah! Miss Beauty, as fresh and rosy as a peach. There is nothing like youth, extreme youth, so pleasant to the eye, so palatable to the taste. Ha! ha!

Beau. (*aside*) He don't taste this piece. There it goes again. "young," bah! if I only had a few gray hairs. (*aloud*) Good morning, don't you feel well?

Squire. Never fe t bet er, you vourself are equal to the elixir of youth to make a man feel he were young again. By George girl, I didn't know you were so pretty.

Beau. Oh! didn't you! yes, I am pretty; the prettiest girl in the village. Oh! I know it. I'm awful young and shy, but too old a bird to be caught by chaff.

Squire. Pon honor! my dear I never flatter, I leave that to younger heads than mine. Now confess you little battery, you never feel so good as when some one is pouring flattery in your ear. It's the way of all pretty children. They all like it.

Beau. Say, you tire me out. Because you expect to get Elsie, is no reason why you should soft soap the relation. I don't want your horrid old compliments.

Enter, DICKEY, R. E., *unseen*.

Squire. How fortunate we are alone. Now you little battery, you shall kiss me. (*business*—BEAUTY *screams and kicks*

Dick. No! she don't. I'm here to protect her.

Squire. What right sir! have you to interfere?

Dick. The right of an honest man, and that Squire Thornton you are not!

Beau. That you! So glad you've come, Dickey. Carry me out, I can't breathe the same air with that man, he is too vile.

(*exit*, DICKEY *and* BEAUTY, R. E.

Squire. Drat that brat! However there is no time to fool with such small game, when there is better to be had, if my cards work well. I have brought the mortgage papers, and to-day seals the fate of the occupants of this little cottage. I have no fear of the answer, they will all sell themselves for gold, every one of them.

Enter, MR. *and* MRS. DERWENT, *and* ELSIE, L. E.

Mr. D. Our duty, Squire!

Squire. Glad to see you looking well. That little business of ours must be settled to-day. I shall wait no longer, I have brought the papers and am ready to fulfill my part of the contract.

Mr. D. And I produce the child that she may speak for herself.

Squire. That answer is—

Elsie. No! no! father forgive me. I can not. Oh! I can not!

Squire. Curse her! What does this mean? Girl, do you know the consequences, your parents will be beggars.

Elsie. Aye, I know it well. Mercy, I can not ask, for I feel that you have none.

Mr. D. What means this? Speak child, I command you to speak.

Elsie. I dare not, I care not, I am bound in honor.

Mr. D. You refuse—

Elsie. Yes.

Mr. D. Then you cease to be a child of mine. Wife, bring me the Bible. (*business*) Listen! Elsie Derwent, born Aug. 19th, died May 22nd. Now go, and may the curse of a heart broken father to a disobedient child follow you.

Elsie. No, no! father. I'll go, but take back the curse, take it back. (MRS. DERWENT *goes toward* ELSIE

Mr. D. Stand back; don't touch her.

Mrs. D. You'll forgive her, you must John.

Mr. D. I forgive her! No, never while sun and moon shine. I shut my heart against her forever, it will hold her no more, and you must cast her out of your heart as I do. I forbid you to speak to her, to go near her. If you meet her, turn away your head.

Enter, BEAUTY, R. E., *whip in her hand.*

Mrs. D. My only child, how can I do it?

Mr. D. Then choose between her and me. We have been husband and wife for twenty years. We've never quarreled in all that time, and will you allow her, who is false to us both, to separate us?

Mrs. D. No John! you against all the world, though it break my heart.

Mr. D. We are childless now—you and I. (*business—to* ELSIE) Why don't you go?

Elsie. Heaven! this is hard to bear. Have I no friend left?

Beau. Yes, I don't ask an explanation, but wherever you go, I'll go with you. I believe you a true, honest woman. This is some more of your devilish work, Squire Thornton. I can find no words that could describe how I loathe you—(SQUIRE *moves toward her*) Stand back, come one step nearer and you will feel the sting of this whip.

Squire. Curse you—you little devil.

Beau. Old satan! Don't you feel good now? Come Elsie—

Elsie. (*business*) Father! mother! won't you say good-bye?

Mr. D. No! I have nothing to say to you. Why do you linger? Why don't you go? I've seen enough of your treacherous face. Go! go! and take my curse as a legacy, it is all I have to leave you. Now go—I say go!

Business—ELSIE *and* BEAUTY *turn* L.—MR. DERWENT *holds his wife on his arm, as he motions* ELSIE *to go.*

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE.—MOUNTAIN MAG'S *cabin in the Mountain.*

Enter, SQUIRE, R. E.

Squire. At last the game has been played into my hands. Little you thought fair Elsie, that I should receive the little missive intended for Basil Lawrence. But money and influence will conquer

where simple reason fails. Ha! ha! Let's see. "Dear Basil: I have been driven from home and am now an outcast. They tried to compel me to wed the Squire and I refused. But the secret that I am your wife has not been divulged. 'Tis safe! Basil, you bound me in honor not to reveal it, and the heavens will fall before I break the oath. I pass over the mountains to-night toward Rashleigh. May heaven protect me. Your wife, Elsie." So that's the little secret which kept us apart. Basil Lawrence how I hate you! I have set my heart on possessing that girl, and by heaven, she shall yet be mine, by fair means of foul. I have it. Mountain Mag must set her human hounds at work to-night, when she passes over the mountain. She dare not refuse, I know of some dark deeds that might be traced to her door. I wonder if she is in her den.

(*goes to cabin door and knocks*

Mag. Who's there?

Squire. One, who is on a little matter of business.

Enter, MOUNTAIN MAG, L. E.

Mag. Ah! it's the pretty Squire, the gude kind Squire, and what do ye want a botherin a decent ould woman this mornin'. Yes! yes! it's yer fortune towld ye want. Ah! I see gude luck fer ye. Here's a line crosses—hum! hum! ye don't prosper wid the lady of yer choice, but naver mind, she will yet be yours. There's a light haired—

Squire. Bother your harangue. Go to the silly fools of the village with that trash. I've a bigger game on hand Mag, and there's gold in it! (*business*

Mag. Gold! ha! ha! Would ye have me stain me hands for gold. Ha! ha! ha! Oh! I love gold, bright yellow gleaming gold.

Squire. Come, come Mag, you're not growing babyish. Ye used to do a nice neat job, and none ever lived to confront you. The Lord of Charldon—

Mag. Hold, Squire Thornton, what do ye know?

Squire. Oh! nothing! nothing! Where did you bury him?

Mag. He lays in yonder pool along side of the girl I killed for ye. Do ye remember that dark night?

Squire. Woman, won't you ever forget not to mention that in my presence. I forbid it, I say I forbit it.

Mag. In course I won't, if ye don't like it; but the job, how much gold? Ha ha! ha!

Squire. One hundred pounds if you kidnap the Miller's daughter as she passes over these mountains to-night. Do you consent?

Mag. In course I do. One hundred pound of gold. Ha! ha! I'll kill her for two-hundred, what do ye say?

Squire. No devil! your hands have already made you thrice a murdress. How many crimes do you want to answer for?

Mag. As miny as the likes of ye'd give me gold for. (*business*—(SQUIRE *goes towards her*) There, there Squire, ye'd better not stroike me, the by's might be a bit troublesome.

Squire. Fool! What proof can you give, you will not prove a traitoress?

Mag. A thief's word of honor. Are ye satisfied?

Squire. I must be. Now, I'll give you fifty down and the other fifty when I see your fair prisoner. That's fair enough! (*gives money*) Is that correct?

Mag. Yis! but ye'd better no forgit the other fifty. If ye do, I'll get even. I always do. Ha! ha!

Squire. I'll not forget it. To-night set your human hounds at work. Black Joe and Humped Tom are the most reliable. Are they here?

Mag. Thim by's allays be ridy for a nice clane job like this. Hadn't ye bitter give us a shillin fer a drop of the crature, to brace one up.

Squire. There take it. (*gives money*) Now mind, do not hurt the girl.

Mag. Don't ye fear, the pay ain't big enough. In co'rse we'll be rale gintle. If that's all, ye'd better be going, the stage coach be a comin' up thar. Gude bye me honey. I'll do the job and git the yellow gold. Ha! ha! It's no carin how it comes, so I git it. Ha! ha! (*exit*, L. E.

Squire. That hag would sell her soul for gold. How well she would like to trade on my secret. But she dare not do it. I did not kill that girl, she was growing troublesome and—well, she disappeared. Ha! ha! The stage coach! I must not be seen. I'll conceal myself until it passes.

Enter, BASIL *and* COUNTESS, R. E.

Basil. Mother! why did you not send for me?

Countess. There was not time, besides we did not know exactly where you were, at Lord Harry's or Blounts.

Basil. Father dead; I can scarcely realize he is gone.

Coun. Yes, and you are now Lord Harrington. You wonder why I've come here? I came to tell you a story. I prefer you should hear it from my lips. It is a short one. "When your father succeeded to the title and estates, there was not much left to keep up the grand old name. You have heard it often said, the last Earl of Harrington was a spendthrift and a gambler, and it was always my impression that your father would follow in his footsteps. Until late years my influence kept him from it. But even that I am not too proud to confess, lost it's strength. He went from bad to worse, and when there was no ready money to be derived from the estate, he borrowed. His chief creditor is old Lord Hyde, himself a gambler. However a successful one. Just one week ago to-day he was present at the death-bed of your father, and promised that if an alliance were made between you and his daughter, her dower should be amply sufficient to once more raise the house of Harrington, second to none in England. To protect the honor of our house, you must consent to this alliance.

Basil. Honor! Mother! Can a man under such a guise as you hold out to me, be justified in consenting? Why, I've never seen the girl. It is unjust to her and unfair to bind me so. No!

Coun. The whole honor, fortune and glory of our house now rests on your shoulders. It depends on you whether one of the most noble families falls into obscurity, or once more finds a place in it's foremost ranks.

Basil. I know it—I know it.

Coun. And you are prepared to meet the responsibility?

Basil. No! no! mother. Oh! why did you make such plans? I can not meet them; I should have told you before.

Coun. There is no other attachment?

Basil. Yes, the strongest. I am married.

Coun. Married! I will not believe it. It is not true.

Basil. Yes, I should have made it known before. (*shows certificate*) There! is that not true enough?

Coun. Anything rather than this. You have spoiled your life. Oh! my son! Tell me you have married an aristocrat. Our house has never made a messilliance, they have always chosen wives from their own class; you have done the same?

Basil. My wife is a lady in as much as she is the gentlest of women, but she is not by birth, and her face is her only fortune.

Coun. Then why did you marry her?

Basil. Because I loved her.

Coun. I thought as much. I am sorry my son is sentimental. Now tell me the facts and spare me the love.

Basil. Mother, don't be so hard, so cruel. Oh! what will you say, when you learn that I have married a "miller's daughter."

Coun. A "miller's daughter!" A splendid alliance! The last of the Harringtons and a miller's daughter! Have you lost your brains or your senses?

Basil. Neither, only my heart.

Coun. Then this is the end of such foolishness—(*tears certificate*) Your marriage is illegal and invalid in the eyes of the law. Set it aside.

Basil. I would not do such a base dishonorable deed to save my life. Our marriage is sacred and valid enough in the sight of heaven.

Coun. This contest is useless. I hold the power and I intend to use it. The law gives me control over you until you are of age.

Basil. Then as soon as the three months are gone, I shall make all possible haste to marry Elsie.

Coun. Basil, I want you to make me a promise, come home with me for three months, and let this wretched marriage remain a secret for that time. Come, promise your mother!

Basil. When I have told my wife.

Coun. No, come now—you can write to her. Will you—

Basil. Yes mother. I'll come and promise to keep the secret, on the faith of a gentleman.

Coun. (*aside*) A three months time. May heaven do something to interfere in that time. If not, I shall follow out the working of my idea.

Basil. Come mother, if we expect to catch the London Express, we must hurry. (*exit*, L. F.

Squire. (*coming down stage*) Illegal! so much easier the job. Ah! she shall yet call me Lord and Master. Then won't I pay back all these scowls. Ha! ha!

Enter, MAG, L. E.

Mag, you old wretch, you have heard it all.

Mag. Didn't I tell ye, thar was a fair haired man who crossed yer path. Why don't ye kill him? I'd do it.

Squire. You are my evil genius. No! you will be silent about this story. Don't you dare tell the girl.

Mag. Old Mag niver tells tales, it's not in the business.

Squire. You know it's growing late; I must not be seen in the village. Can you offer me shelter?

Mag. It's a poor one, but ye are welcome at me fireside. Coom in and we'll crack jokes together, talk over the old times. It's miny a fine story we both could tell. Coom in, coom in.

Squire. Stop your harangue—I say stop. (*exeunt*, L. E.

Enter, BEAUTY, R. E.

Beau. I'll just go to our Post Office and see if Dickey's wrote that letter. (*gets letter from under log*) Yes, he's wrote it. Dickey does write the sweetest letters, he seals them with molasses candy, and I lick it off. Once he sealed it with shoemaker's wax and fooled me, but I got even, I put burrs in his pants pocket. Didn't he scratch! (*laughs*) Then I told him he'd got the itch and sent him home. I'm most forgetting my letter. "Miss Beauty Lynne, esteemed friend: I take my pen in hand to let you know that I have asked ma to go. She said no, but I'm going to run off. I'm going to be tough—tougher than boarding house beef steak—tough enough to travel with you. I have changed my pants and will sneak off and meet you this afternoon. I have got an old pistol, three pies and a loaf of bread.

The rose is red, the violets blue,
Sugar is sweet and so are you."

Ain't that sweet? "Your classmate in Sunday school, Dickey. He's a turnip. What in the world does Dickey want with those pies. Hum! a pious crowd. Well, it's about time he was showing up, if he wants to meet me here. I ain't meeting him by moonlight alone. He'd be afraid!

Enter, DICKEY, R. E.

Dick. Say, why did'nt you tell me there was a cross bull in your uncle's field.

Beau. Did he whoop you up? Where do you feel worst.

Dick. I don't like to tell.

Beau. Oh! you needn't care for me. Did he toss you by the seat of your trousers?

Dick. He did, he put me right over the fence.

Beau. Another case of assension—your'e so green, it's a wonder he didn't eat you.

Dick. Well, it don't feel very good anyhow. Say, where are we going?

Beau. To thunder, may be. Do you still want to go along?

Dick. What have you got here? (*he takes bundle*

Beau. Night gowns. (DICKEY *drops bundle*) Baby, are you afraid of them.

Dick. No, I'm not afraid; but I don't like them.

Beau. Well, you can carry them. I was bound to have them, so I crawled in the window and got them. Suppose I'm going to give them up now, we've got to have 'em.

Dick. Well, you can carry them yourself. I've got those pies to look after. I put two of them in my hat, so ma wouldn't see them.

Beau. Looks like mince pie now. Say Dickey, do you like me much?

Dick. You bet! more than my dog Jack or—molasses candy.

Beau. Then you carry this.

Dick. Oh! no, you're soft-soaping me.

Beau. We are only going to the Inn, then back again. Do carry them.

Dick. Like to know why we got to go back again.

Beau. The body guard is to protect the Queen when she walks to-night. If you're getting tired, you can go back to your ma.

Dick. Ma be hanged—no I mean pa. I'll go if I loose my life, but I'm most afraid to go back now.

Beau. Say, you got your pistol?

Dick. Yes, but I'm fraider with it.

Beau. Be sure and don't turn the wrong end toward you, you might surprise your head. Come along here, grab that bundle.

Dick. I won't do it.

Beau. Then we part, part right here, same as if a cyclone had blown us apart, and next years violets shall gem my early grave. Boo! hoo!

Dick. Say, stop your crying. I'll carry them, yes wear them, anything if you'll only stop.

Beau. I wasn't crying a bit. (*aside*) I knew that would bring him around.

Dick. (*business with bundle*) Say, was there a terrible row?

Beau. I should say so. I wish you'd seen the Squire. O! but he was wrathy, looked like a tiger.

Dick. Why didn't you buck him? I bet he'll try to get even.

Beau. Let him, I'm his match.

Dick. What could you do, pooh!

Beau. I'm little, but my! I'd just like to scratch his eyes out.

Dick. Well, you needn't practice on me. Say, what if you and me would get lost—we'd be like the little babes in the woods, wouldn't we?

Beau. Oh! you needn't fear; I'll not get lost. I'd like to see anyone loose me. Do you know where we are? That's old Mag's cabin, the woman they call the mountain witch. They say she steals children. Arn't you afraid.

Dick. Say, you go first, won't you. Let's get out of this, she might want our pies. I ain't afraid, but I don't want to loose my pies.

Beau. Oh! there she comes now. Stand up, be a man.

(*business*

Enter, MAG, L. E.

Dick. I'm a standing, what 'll she do to us? Oh! good Mrs., we don't want nothin'.

Mag. Ye pesterin brats, go long wid ye.

Beau. We ain't brats. (*aside*) Even that old woman calls me a kid. (*aloud*) I'm a young lady. Dickey here ain't much, if you must hurt some one, hurt Dickey—steal him, I don't think any one would care.

Dick. We are as good as dead—now I lay me—

Mag. I say, go long wid ye—clear out—I hate the sight of yez, ye peeky faced brat, ye are one of them as throwed stones at me in the village. I know ye—I hate the sight of yez.

Dick. Oh! no I didn't, good Mrs. I never throw stones. I'm a good Sunday school boy, and can show you every one of my tickets.

Mag. Bad cess, them be the worst. I say clear out, or I'll whip

ye both till ye can't walk.

Beau. Gee! Dickey, guess she means it. Ask her.

Dick. Do you mean it?

Mag. Bah! git.

Dick. Yes, she means it.

Beau. } We git— (*exit*, R. E.
Dick. }

Mag. May the devil git 'em. Well, they'd be in better hands than in old Mag's. I'll just go into the den and see if the by's be in. Business on hand to-night and I'll be after gettin' the byes an extra dish— (*exit*, L. E.

Enter, JOE *and* TOM, L. E., *from cabin.*

Joe. Another job me pretty, but it's not the kind we loike.

Tom. Thim be a coomin' in slow like now. It's no like the jolly times we used to have. I would a most do a killin' for nothing, just to see if me hand had lost it's cunnin'.

Joe. The Squire killed his last. He most be a growin' babyish to leave this one off. There be a power of fun in hoogin' a girl just a little too tight. Tom, don't ye think?

Tom. Yes, I like to hear the gurgle. One gasp un it be all over. Ha! ha!

Joe. (*laughs*) They niver get up to tell ther' tale—

Tom. No, for I kill 'em deader nor door nails.

Joe. Give us er light from yer pipe. Whe.e's the old Hag?

Enter, MAG, U., 1 E., *unseen.*

Tom. She be a bilin' calf head fer supper, we'll have a feast t· night.

Joe. Give me a drop. How moch gold did she get?

Tom. One hundred pound, it's a gude price fer nothin'.

Joe. That makes a thousand she's got by her now; when sh get's a little more, we'll kill her.

Tom. That we will pardner—that we will. Hist!

(MAG *comes forward—stage dark*

Mag. Be ye ridy to do ther' job, bys?

Tom. We be ackin fer it. I wish it was a stranglin job, me fingers be a growin' stiff.

Joe. And me knife hain't had blood on it fer a year.

Mag. Niver mind me honeys, the day 'ill come—the day 'ill come. Now Tom, ye'r to grab the gal, while Joe slaps the shawl over her he'd. Do ye understand?

Tom. Yes, what if we'd happen to kill her?

Mag. No! the Squires word was, be keerful.

Tom. If we make a mistake, we'll throw her in the pool, eh?

Joe. Hist! there's some one comin'.

Mag. It's the gal, ridy now. (*business*

Enter, ELSIE, R. E.

Elsie. The night's so dark. Can heaven be sending the curse that my father called down upon my head? Every where I go, I seem to hear it—the winds— (JOE *and* TOM *grasp her*) What! Who! Help! Murder!

Tom. Aisy, me purty one; no, it's no murder. Though, if I had me say, ye'd not live to see ther day. Thar Mag, she's quiet now.

Joe. Ye did the job nice, Humpy. Where shall we take her, Mag?

Mag. Well, drag her to the den.

Joe. Did the Squire say we were to lock her up?

Mag. No, he'll be here to-night. There, bys, is yer part of the gold. It's a present don't spend it foolishly. It's not miny folks as would be so good to yez.

Tom. Yer a genuwine daisy Mag, and may yer live to bleed miny more victims. (*drinks*

Joe. May yer live to go to yer own funeral. (*drinks*

Mag. Yer brave lads. By's, we've held together through thick en thin, shared the same fire, ate the same brid, but old Mag er a gettin' old, she soon 'ill be done up, then may be yer will remember some of the good times we've had toget'er. Ye'll remember.

Tom. That we will, and we'll niver brake the band till one of us be dead. Eh! Joe?

Joe. No! Come Mag, yer grewsome to-night. What is the matter? Cheer up!

Mag. I be a failin' as if—may be this is our last job—what if it is?

Tom. Com' old woman, cheer up! Ye'll live yet to see both of as planted, and yerself put our favorite posy above our graves, a skunk cabbage.

Mag. Yes by's, ye mean well by me, I know ye do. Come, drag the girl in. (*aside*) So they'd kill me, eh? I heard ye, and old Mag will not be so aisy killed as they expect. Ha! ha!

(*exit*, JOE, R. E.—TOM *and* ELSIE *up stage*, C.

Enter, SQUIRE, L. E.

Mag. There's the girl. Now give me the other fifty.

Squire. Take it. (*gives money*) Now uncover the girl's head. (*takes shawl off*

Elsie. (*rises*) Where am I—? Squire Thornton! this is more of your fiendish work. I might have known I could not escape your hatred presence! What would you do?

Squire. Save you from a fate worse than death, if you consent to be my wife. Ah! you start! I know your little secret. But let me tell you, your marriage is illegal, Basil Lawrence is no more your husband than Humped Tom is.

Elsie. 'Tis a lie! you are using a lie to further your own ends!

Squire. 'Tis true—and if you refuse to accede to my wishes, you shall feel Tom's fingers around that delicate white throat of yours, and then be thrown over the cliff into the still pool below. Take your choice! Which is it?

Elsie. No! Death first! Help! Murder! (*business*

Enter, BEAUTY, R. E., *quickly.*

Beau. Got here just in the nick of time. (*pushes* TOM *over cliff and shoots* SQUIRE) There! villain, die the death you deserve.

Squire. (*gasping*) Foiled! foiled! curse you! curse you! Again I say—Elsie Derwent you—are nothing—more than—Basil Lawrences—*Mistress!* (*dies*

Elsie. Dead! dead! and died with a lie on his lips.

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE.—Parlor in the home of COUNTESS HARRINGTON—*Ball-room back.*

Lord Hyde. Countess, your ball will be a success.

Countess. Thanks, Lord Hyde. I trust so. It will at least be very select.

Lord Hyde. Yes, did you succeed in obtaining the acceptance card of the latest craze, Mlle Cerani?

Coun. Yes, I've been doubly fortunate, as they refused the Duchess, of Lansdowne for me.

Lord Hyde. I heard Mlle last night in "Norma," and if there was ever a story written on a face, it is in hers.

Coun. I don't like faces that mirror the soul. Basil, I hope will take kindly to her.

Lord Hyde. Ah! but not too kindly. Isn't it sad, that the memory of the past year of his life, doesn't return to him.

Coun. No! I pray heaven it never will! That railway accident was the most providential thing that has ever happened.

Lord Hyde. Madam, how can you say it, you are jesting.

Coun. No, my Lord, I'm a wise mo her. Lord Hyde, I've a story to tell you to-night. I should have done it before, but I could not. Will you hear it now?

Lord Hyde. I am at your service. Let us retire to the library, where we will not be disturbed. Allow me to again prophecy a success.

Coun. Let us wait till to-morrow for that. If my son comes to me then and says he is the accepted suitor of your daughter's hand, I shall be the happiest woman in London. (*exit*, R. E.

Voice. (*outside*) The carriages are arriving. (*pause*) Lord Harrington and Lady Isabel Hyde. (*pause*) Sir Arthur Gordon and Lady Clement DeVere. Other entrance please. (*pause*) Richard Browne. Esq., and Miss Beauty Lynne. (*pause*) The Hon. William Vance and Miss Strohans, other entrance. Duke D'Altor and Mlle Cerani. (*music*

Enter, COUNTESS *and* ISABEL, R. E.

Coun. My dear, you are looking well, to-night.

Isabel. Yes, who are here?

Coun. All our set, but principally Mlle Cerani.

Isabel. I don't like that woman. Who is she any how? Does no one know her past life?

Coun. No one seems to know it. Some say she is a Russian Countess, others that she is the widow of our Austriam Duke, but all concede her to be a royal y beautiful, and more than ordinarily gifted woman.

Isabel. And a dangerous one, I have heard it said she wins all hearts. Aren't you afraid of your son's affections, Madam?

Coun. My son is a gentleman and will never do aught that is dishonorable. You should have made sure of his affections ere this, Isabel. I entrust my son's happiness to your care. You love him?

Isabel. Love him! I love him so much, that if another won his affections from me, I believe I should kill her!

Coun. Oh! Isabel, that nasty word. You are too vehement.

Enter, LORD HYDE *and* BASIL, L. E.

Lord Hyde. Quite a family party! You are feeling better to-night, Basil?

Basil. Yes, as though something unusual was about to happen. That dream mother, you call it, seems to have taken firmer hold than ever upon my imagination. What happened here last year, a year ago to-night?

Coun. Private theatricals. Don't you remember?

Basil. No! If I could but remember, there is something I want to recall—what is it?

Coun. Basil, don't excite yourself, you will make yourself worse.

Isabel. Come Basil, let us take a turn in the conservatory and see the flowers. (*exit*, R. E.

Coun. Did I do right right, Lord Hyde, in breaking this wretched marriage? (CERANI *in archway*

Lord Hyde. Quite right! To have let it stand, would have been to leave a stain upon the family name. A union between an aristocrat and a common plebean like a miller's daughter—(*sees* CERANI) Mlle Cerani!

Cerani. Pardon me, I interrupt, do I not?

Lord Hyde. I assure you not. Mlle Cerani, the Countess of Harrington. (*bows*

Coun. I am more than pleased to meet the most famous woman in London.

Cerani. You are very kind my lady.

Lord Hyde. You overheard our conversation, Mlle?

Cerani. A part of it, I meant to pass on.

Lord Hyde. And what are your views upon the subject.

Cerani. I believe where two people meet and sincerely, devotedly love each other, it is the most cruel crime in the world to separate them.

Coun. Let us talk of something more interesting. Have you met my son? Ah! here he comes now.

(CERANI *sees him and staggers, etc., business*

Enter, BASIL, R. E.

Mlle Cerani, my son Lord Harrington. (*bows*) Lord Hyde, your arm please. (*exit*, L. E.

Cerani. (*aside*) At last we meet. Heavens, I thought I should fall dead at his feet, were I ever to meet him again.

Basil. The face in my dream! Mlle Cerani, have I ever met you before? Speak!

Cerani. (*aside*) I think Lord Harrington has never met me before. (*looks at him*) My God! he is mad!

Basil. Pardon my rudeness, Mlle, your voice sounded like a strain of some sweet music I have heard.

Cerani. That music belonged to—

Basil. A face in a dream. You pardon me?

Cerani. Yes, there are times in every one's life, when we must ask for pardon. The dream, is it a pleasant one?

Basil. A part of it is so pleasant, I wish it were true. Would it tire you to hear it?

Cerani. No, my Lord.

Basil. They say every man has his peculiarity. This must be mine, y t it so strangely affects me, some times I think it must be tru . "In a little village—the name I can't recall—methought I went sketching. I'm something of an amateur, and there I met and loved one of nature's Queens, a beautiful and loving girl, and Mlle, I thought my love was fully returned. We were married. I was not of age then, in just three months I should attain my majority, and till then we pledged ourselves to keep our marriage a secret. We were parted; why or how, I can't remember. There my dream was broken, but the face in it haunts me still. Yours reminds me of it, you are more beautiful—she was but a bud, yet that bud gave promise of a beautiful blossom of beauty, as great as yours."

(ISABEL *in archway*

Cerani. And this is but a dream, are you sure?

Basil. They tell me so. Isn't my past cruel?

Cerani. Her's is more sad.

Basil. You speak as though 'twere true. What do you mean?

Cerani. Nothing. I was only so interested in your story, I forgot and thought it was real.

Basil. If I could only forget. No, I would not forget. If I could but recall—

Isabel. My Lord! your mother desires your presence, can you give her an audience? (*exit*, C. D.

Basil. My mother's every wish is law. You were so kind to listen to my story, Mlle, will you accept this little flower in exchange for your kindness. I will return soon. (*bows, exit*, C. D.

Cerani. Basil! Basil! It is I, your Elsie. Come back, I love you still. So weak, and I thought I was so strong. Where are all the oaths of vengeance I swore? Aye, vanished like my hate. This little flower, he wore it,

Enter, ISABEL, C. D.

his hand plucked it. perhaps his lips have caressed it—his dear, dear lips. Tell me little flower! has he kissed you? Speak!

Isabel. Madame seems to like flowers. 'Tis too bad to waste so much sweetness on such a poor faded little bud. (*hands her flower*) Have a fresher one. Ha! ha! ha!

Cerani. Thanks, I appreciate it for the donor's sake. Yes, I love flowers; they are the emblems of love, pure sweet love, that which is constant and unselfish.

Isabel. Still one need not devour it because—given it. You like Lord Harrington?

Cerani. Yes, he seems a true nobleman.

Isabel. I am glad to hear you praise him. One is always glad to hear praise of one's affianced husband.

Cerani. Your affianced husband?

Isabel. Yes, and I warn you not to come between us. If you do it will be war, war to the knife!

Cerani. Mlle is exciting herself, Why should I care for your lover?

Isabel. Why? What have you cared for the score of men, who have gone mad over your beauty! Who are you?

Cerani. Mlle Cerani.

Isabel. You are an adventuress.

Cerani. No! no! not that! Who calls me an adventuress? Am I growing mad?

(half fainting falls into chair—papers fall from dress

Isabel. I might kill her, no one would know. Isabel Hyde a murderer, no! What's this! the lost Harrington betrothal ring! The one I have sworn to wear, and this! *(reads copy of marriage certificate)* "This is to certify that I have joined in holy wedlock, Basil Lawrence and Elsie Derwent. Rev. John Archibald, Rashleigh." June 19, 1876. "Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." Speak woman! is this true or some clever scheme of yours to win my lover?

Cerani. *(rising)* 'Tis true, I am Basil Lawrence Harrington's deserted wife. You may thank heaven you have heard it before it was too late.

Isabel. It is false!

Cerani. Give me the papers; they are mine, and the ring I purchased with a life's love and devotion. Give it back!

Isabel. No, I shall take them to Lady Harrington and force the truth from her.

Cerani. You will hear my story first?

Isabel. Yes, I will listen, but I do not believe you.

Cerani. There was never a young girl had a sadder life than I have had. You think I'm a happy woman! Ah! my heart carries a wound that time has not healed. Some hearts bleed inwardly, and those wounds are hardest to staunch.

Isabel. Cease and tell the story. What is Basil to you?

Cerani. I was a young girl when Basil Lawrence came to our village on a sketching tour. We met, loved and were married. On one summer morning he was called away, and I have not seen him until to-night. What am I to him? I am his deserted wife.

Isabel. Then his dream was more than an illusion?

Cerani. It is the story of his life. Will you give me back the proof, they are all I have.

Isabel. No! I shall take them to Lady Harrington and learn the truth. Come with me, anywhere but here. Come! *(exit, C. D.*

Enter, BEAUTY *and* DICKEY, L. E.

Beau. Any mail, Dick?

Dick. As usual, after the males? To be serious, yes: Cerani—Browne—Lynne—Lynne—Lynne—Cerani—Lynne—Lynne. One from your latest catch, Lord Dundeady.

Beau. So soon! Landed *him* rather soon! Delightful isn't he? A little unsteady on his legs. I could prop him up; £2000 a year is worth looking after. Yes! yes, he might do in a pinch.

Dick. Bah! too ancient. He would look well on a bracket labeled —a rare old fossel—date unknown.

Beau. No! a little hard on him I call it. Say Dickey, why are you so critical about all my catches? Now this man's age is just the thing. That's the consolation, he can't live long, so I think I'll take him, I'm so in love with that little chuckle of. *(laughs)* it makes him too utterly—yes, I think I like old men best, they are so kind.

Dick. Hum, the young men don't seem to be very cruel to you.

Beau. There you're wrong. I've known some to be positively shabby dreadfully slow. *(aside)* That's a gentle kick.

Dick. That brainless chap Danvers, made a big enough fool of himself to convince me differently.

Beau. Yes, wasn't he nice. I would have had him, only I do so adore lightheaded men.

Dick. I've noticed that. Why don't you go in for an idiot and be done with it.

Beau. I may take your advice. You wouldn't have me, would you Dick?

Dick. By jove! I've a no ion to take you at your word.

Beau. That would be to acknowledge yourself an idiot. Have I any on my list: Lord Dundeudy he stands first now; Hon. Charles Carlton, Horace Danvers, Sir Gordon Burton and—no, I don't think any of them are idiots, do you?

Dick. Some of them are near it.

Beau. Say Dick, what have any of them done *to* you?

Dick. Nothing.

Beau. I thought they had. Don't you feel well, better take something for your stomach.

Enter, LORD HYDE, R. E.

Ah! Lord Hyde! Mr. Brown, I think I left my fan on the piano, would you kindly get it for me? Don't hurry.

Dick. (*aside*) The little heathen. (*aloud*) Would be delighted. (*exit,* L. E.

Beau. Aren't you glad we are alone?

Lord Hyde. Immensely! (*aside*) As playful as a kitten, by George! Is the girl in love with me? (*aloud*) Yes, I've been alone for twelve years.

Beau. Your wife been dead that long? Why, you must have been left a very young widower, and you never married again. How lonely you must feel.

Lord Hyde. I am now seventy; the age when a man is in his prime—

Beau. Just a ripe age, seventy? Why Lord Hyde, I shouldn't have taken you to be a day over forty-five. You don't look it.

Lord Hyde. Ah! I'm afraid you flatter!

Beau. Flatter! that's the same thing as calling me a story teller. I don't like that.

Lord Hyde. No, no, my dear, I didn't mean that. (*kisses her hand*

Beau. Did you mean that? I like it better.

Enter, DICKEY, L. E.

Dick. Ahem! ahem!

Beau. (*aside to* DICKEY) Dickey, don't spoil the chance I've been looking for all my life. It may be my last, and you wouldn't like to feel you had made me an old maid.

Dick. Heavens no! go in for it, I'm out. (*exit,* L. E.

Beau. (*aside*) How provoking—I can't make that booby jealous. (*aloud*) You were saying something about marrying again—

Lord Hyde. Was I—no one would want to be an old man's darling.

Beau. (*aside*) There, I was a little too fast, but I'll catch him yet. (*aloud*) Oh! yes, it is much better to be that, than a young man's slave.

Lord Hyde. You mean that? By George, would you?

Beau. Well I might if I got the chance.

Lord Hyde. Would you be my May?

Beau. I would rather be your little Beauty. But this is so sudden! I never expected it. Why, it takes my breath away! Wait till I catch it. Oh! my Lord, you do me too much honor. Of course I couldn't say yes right away. Give me three months to decide. That's a dear—(*aside*) and if nothing better turns up, I'll do it just to get even with Richard Browne.

Lord Hyde. My dear, I should like to take you by this little hand now, and say to all the world, this is the dearest little girl in all the world—my wife.

Beau. I'm nearly willing, but I couldn't stand it to-night, I'm so shy, Lord Hyde.

Lord Hyde. Call me Wattie.

Beau. Dear Wattie, ain't that nicer? You'll never love your ownest own, any less?

Lord Hyde. I shall grow to love you more, and I hope we may live many happy years together.

Beau. (*aside*) I hope not. Heavens! how long does the old fossil expect to exist. (*aloud*) And if one of us must die first, I hope it will be me. I should so hate to have you leave me alone.

Lord Hyde. Oh! my dear, I'm so old—

Beau. Now I won't hear you say a word against yourself—there deary, you're such a nice old man. Oh! (*fondles him*

Lord Hyde. You will have to be my stay and prop.

Beau. Oh! I'm good for a dozen, but I can't marry you till I tell you something awful about myself—I've got a horrible temper. There, ain't that dreadful?

Lord Hyde. Now my dear, I won't hear you desparage yourself.

Beau. Oh! but I have, I'm a regular little tiger, when I'm mad.

Lord Hyde. You don't look like it.

Beau. Don't I! but I am, and—Oh! I'm an awful talker—would you believe it. Several young men have held their arms on, and then went off and said all sorts of nasty things about me.

Lord Hyde. Let them do it now. I should silence them or die.

Beau. (*aside*) If he only would do the last. (*aloud*) No, I shouldn't let you risk your precious life for such simpering silly idiots.

Lord Hyde. What a little baby you are.

Beau. No, I am not. A baby is an adorable thing, and I'm far from that.

Lord Hyde. You are the sweetest little one in the world.

Beau. Oh! you dear duckey—buy er baby a sugar plum—oh ootsy, tootsy.

Lord Hyde. You shall have it. Would you mind kissing me?

Beau. Not the least, I enjoy it. (*they kiss*) Oh! you little darling. (*aside*) No fool like an old one. (*aloud*) Now my dear, let us get an ice, I'm so thirsty. (*aside*) Bah! I want to take the taste off my mouth. (*aloud*) Oh! my Lord.

(*courtesies—laughs and coquettes—exeunt*, L. E.

Enter, CERANI *and* BASIL, R. E.

Basil. I'm so restless, Mlle sing to me.

Cerani. (*aside*) Now for the test. Will he know me then? (*aloud*) Certainly, I will sing an old favorite of mine.

On the banks of Allan Water,
Where the sweet spring tide did fall ;
Was the miller's lovely daughter,
Fairest of them all.

For a bride a soldier sought her,
And a winning tongue had he;
On the banks of Allan Water,
None as gay as she.

On the banks of Allan Water,
When brown Autum spreads it's store,
There I saw the Miller's daughter,
But she smiled no more.

For the summer, grief has brought her,
And the soldier, false was he;
On the banks of Allan Water,
None as sad as she.

Basil. Stop! that was her song—Elsie's song, can it be? Yes! it has all come back, thank God, before 'twas too late. Elsie! Elsie! my *dear*, *dear* wife!

Cerani. Yes Basil, your deserted wife. Stop, don't touch me until you have righted me. Give me my fair name.

Basil. That I will do—Mother! Isabel!

Enter, COUNTESS *and* ISABEL, R. E.

Coun. Lost! lost! his memory has come back.

Isabel. Say this is false! swear it! and prove her a thief and a forger.

Basil. 'Tis true! this is the wife you so cruelly separated me from, mother! Elsie, Lady Harrington.

Cerani. The miller's daughter Mlle, only a miller's daughter.

Coun. 'Tis a lie! She's no wife, I annul the marriage. You were a minor, I have the power of a guardian to declare that marriage invalid, and I do it.

Basil. Mother, I forbid you to speak farther. Silence!

Cerani. Neither wife, maid or widow! Then my God! what am I? (*falls*

Basil. Mother, you have killed her. (*kneels by* CERANI

Coun. It would be the kindest thing I have done in my life, if I had. To-morrow all London will be laughing at your folly. What wretched fate brought her here?

Isabel. Then you acknowledge her claim?

Coun. I acknowledge nothing. She is no more to me than the worm that crawls the earth.

Isabel. And you have trampeled upon her, because she crossed your path—

Coun. It was all because I loved you Isabel, and it was my ambition to see you my son's wife.

Isabel. Madam, I loved your son, jealously loved him, but do you think I would have married him and known this. No, I have escaped a fate worse than death, through no kindness of yours, you are a bad cruel woman.

Coun. My God, you too turn against me, surely my sin has found me out. My son!

Basil. Mother, may God forgive you, I never can. Won't you make the reparation you can, by acknowledging our marriage?

Coun. Never! Choose between me and her.

Basil. (*rising, lifts his wife in his arm*) I choose my wife. Henceforth our paths, mother, lie apart. I do not ask you to leave here. Something is due to the house of Harrington. You may remain; I shall go, and until your foolish pride will allow you to welcome my wife, you shall never see my face.

Coun. You have chosen?

Basil. Yes, look upon your work and enjoy it if you can. My prayer is that you may not have a moments peace of conscience. Farewell, Lady Harrington.

Coun. My son! my son! it was all for you, it was all for you.

Basil. Cease your excuses. There is one name only that should answer your sin and that is *crime!* Farewell.

Coun. It was all for you—it was all for you. (*faints*

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE.—Interior of miller's cottage—storm.

Mr. D. What a fierce, fierce storm! God pity any (*looking off* C.) wanderer that is out to-night. Just two years ago, I drove my only child from home. Since then I have not passed a happy hour. I see her face every where, I can hear her voice in the winds. But I don't forgive her, no! no! I'll never forgive her, why don't I forget her! How dark it drows. Beauty! Beauty!

Enter, BEAUTY, L. U. E.

Beau. Coming as soon as I get this basket of chickens next the fire. Did you call before? I guess I must be growing old and deaf, sure enough I found a crows foot under my eye this morning.

Mr. D. Beauty, I forbade you to speak of Elsie when you came back, do you remember? My lips had never in all that time framed her name, I could not. To-night—isn't that a terrible storm?—I will hear her story.

Beau. (*aside*) Is he relenting at last! Too late! too late! Oh! if I could but tell the story, so he would forgive. (*aloud*) Well, when we went from here, Elsie and I took lodging's in London. We did plain sewing, and Dick worked in a lawyer's office. What money we gathered we used to perfect Elsie's voice, and it was the happiest moment in our lives, when the Prof. gave her a solo to sing in a concert. You should have seen how the audience raved, it seemed it would not be satisfied. Soon offers from managers poured in from every where, and we woke up one morning, to find our darling famous. We traveled in all the cities of Europe, returning to London in December. We went to a fashionable ball and there she met again the husband who had deserted her. He had been injured in a railway accident and lost his memory. On hearing her

sing that little song of her's, his lost faculty returned, and he acknowledged Elsie his wife. His mother refused to recognize the marriage, as he was only a minor when it was contracted. There was a stormy scene, and I tell you that old woman drove her mad. She left the ball room and I have never seen her since. Dickey and I moved heaven and earth almost to find her, but to no avail, then I came home to you.

Mr. D. And I cursed her! Did she bear me any ill feeling?

Beau. Ah! she couldn't do that. Oh! Elsie! Elsie!

(ELSIE *looks in window*

Mr. D. Hush child, that is enough! Now don't ever speak her name again. She knows better than to come back here. She knows I'll not forgive her. No never! She killed her mother! (ELSIE *starts*) Do you hear? She killed her mother! Yes, the same as if she plunged a dagger in her heart. Curse her! curse her! (*business*) Ah! I'm growing numb. Look, that hand is dead! My arm's stiff! No! no! I take back the curse, it is the vengeance of heaven. (*falls back in chair*

Enter, ELSIE, L. E., *quickly.*

Elsie. Father! father! Speak to me, take me back. 'Tis I Elsie your child come back to die.

Beau. Elsie! No, he's not dead. (*feels his heart*

Elsie. Speak father! Say you forgive me.

Beau. Dickey! Dickey! Oh! if he was only here. I never wanted him so bad in my life. What can I do? I'm all in a muddle. Which is best, hot or cold water?

Enter, DICKEY, R. E.

Dick. There's that battery going again. (*sees* ELSIE) Elsie, back at last—what does this mean?

Beau. Assist uncle to his bed. No question's now, I havn't time to answer. Cheer up Elsie, we will bring him around all right.

(*exeunt*, L. E

Re-enter, BEAUTY *and* DICKEY, L. E.

Beau. It is better to leave her alone with him, when he rallies, her's will be the first face to greet him.

Dick. What a wise little woman you are becoming.

Beau. Do you think so! Mr. Brown, I really must make my best bow. You make a compliment in the best of style. If I had a sugar plum, you should have—half of it.

Dick. Yes, I'd get the seed—

Beau. Listen! he has awakened. (ELSIE *sings "Mottoes on the wall"*—BEAUTY *cries—business*) I wish you wouldn't smoke, it makes me so uncomfortable. Boo hoo! now stop!

Dick. I wasn't smoking.

Beau. Well, you wanted to.

Dick. If that makes you uncomfortable, I'll do it. Who's made me uncomfortable all my life?

Beau. I haven't asked you to be a victim to my smiles, have I? We're having a dreadful storm?

Dick. Yes, it reminds me of you.

Beau. Hadn't you better hug close, just to prove you aren't afraid of me. Oh! it's so nice to be comforted! (*voice outside*) Whoa! whoa! whoa!

Dick. The coach! Who can be coming this way, such a night?

Beau. My fate, most likely; I always expected him to come in a storm.

Dick. No! mine! you always want everything.

Beau. I say it's mine, so there! I shall stand at the door and grab him—

Enter, BASIL, C. D.

Dick. The devil!

Beau. You can have him Dickey. Lord Harrington, what brings you here?

Basil. I have come for Elsie, my wife. Since the night she left us so suddenly, I have spent day and night searching for her. I have traced her here.

Beau. And if it is too late?

Basil. She is not dead! Tell me she is not dead!

Beau. No, she is here, but greatly changed. You will see a sad-eyed, broken hearted woman, Lord Harrington.

Basil. How she must have suffered. So have I; I have lived and died a thousand death it seems. Where is she? Let me see her? Can I go to her?

Beau. In good time, I will go and prepare her for the shock. Strange some women will get shocked at the sight of a man. Now I don't. (*exit*, R. E.

Basil. Miss Lynne possesses a golden heart.

Dick. Iron, and from the present outlook she intends to keep it.

Basil. Faint heart never won fair lady.

Dick. Bother such trash! Haven't I done everything to get her?

Basil. Have you spoken the word?

Dick. No, but I've acted it enough. Hang it, does a fellow have to get down on his prayer bones in this prosaic 19th century? No, I'll be—

Enter, BEAUTY, R. E.

Beau. (*aside*) I'll have him here, see if I don't.

Basil. You have seen her? She will forgive—

Beau. I don't know, I have told her there is a friend here who wishes to see her.

Basil. She will come?

Beau. She has promised. She is coming now. Step behind that curtain, she must not see you yet.

Enter, ELSIE, R. E.

Elsie. Beauty, who is the friend who wishes to see me?

Beau. Who would you rather see than anyone in this world?

Elsie. Who? Though I have suffered through him, I would rather see Basil.

Basil. (*comes forward*) Elsie!

Elsie. Lord Harrington, why are you here?

Basil. To acknowledge you my wife. Won't you come back to me?

Elsie. Lord Harrington, you do me too much honor, your wife! I thought your mother had passed judgment on our union. No, I've suffered already more at your hands than I can bear again—

Basil. But were I to prove our marriage valid?

Elsie. Prove that first! I was once a trusting, simple girl, but I have come through the fire a suspicious woman. Your mother has relented?

Basil. I am sorry to say she has not.

Elsie. Then why do you come here again? Do you wish me to again go through a mock ceremony?

Dick. (*to* BEAUTY) Don't you think it's getting a little warm in this room? I'd rather be out in the storm.

Beau. And I—let's go? (*exit*, L. E.

Basil. No! Elsie, can't you trust me?

Elsie. I trusted once and found my idol clay.

Basil. But were I to convince you we are legally wed. The village, where we were married, is on the Scotch border, you know the law? We have been legally wed. Oh! my darling, if we had only known this before, what misery we might have escaped.

Elsie. Then I am your wife, Basil! I am so happy. Let us ask father's blessing; when he gives that, I shall willingly give you a wife's love and devotion. Let us go to him, he lies in yonder room, a helpless man, his iron will is broken. Come Basil!

Basil. Elsie, my love, my wife! (*exeunt*, R. E.

Enter, BEAUTY *and* DICKEY, L. E.

Beau. Poo! hoo! marry you! it's the most absurd thing I have heard for some time. I feel as if I wanted to find some soft spot and die. Ha! ha! How in the world did you manage to scare up enough courage to do it. I wouldn't have believed it of you.

(*laughs*

Dick. Don't laugh at a fellow. He's bound to have the fever some time or other.

Beau. Say, you've got it pretty bad, ain't you? I ain't laughing, Dickey, you do look so *funny!* (*laughs*

Dick. Fellow is bound to look queer when he's got it.

Beau. So you mean this for a genuine offer; you'r not triffling with my affections? Well, down on your knees and do it in a gallant style.

Dick. 'Spose I'll have to do it. (*kneels*) Beauty, I love you, will you be my little wife? Name the day right away. (*rises*

Beau. No, I don't! I must have three months to consider. Yes I must, so there!

Dick. But the suspense, I know it will run me into a shadow.

Beau. Say, Dickey, you was on your knees, wasn't you? I thought you wouldn't do such a foolish thing.

Dick. Well, you needn't go 'round telling the whole town, need you?

Beau. Oh! I'm just as shamed of it as you are. I'll just tell uncle, Elsie, Basil and—

Dick. Might as well write it on the gate post, "This is to certify, Dickey Brown is a great big fool."

Beau. Humph! a great big fool, just because you fell in love with me?

Dick. Well, I just won't stand it three months. I think you might be sensible once. If you don't, I know what I'll do, I'll get the clothes line and go out and hang myself.

Beau. Say, Dickey, take the new one, it's the stoutest.

Dick. Oh! you won't get rid of me so easy. I'll come back and haunt you. You won't like it much when I come to your bedside with marks of strangulation around my lily white throat.

Beau. Oh! that would be better than coming with your head under your arm. There! there! Dickey, you must be satisfied. Three months, you can save lots of money to buy a farm and I can have lots of fun.

Dick. No, I wont stand it.

Beau. Well, you can do the other thing then, for when my minds made up, I don't go back.

Dick. You just give back that ring then and my horse-hair chain.

Beau. Do I have to give up this ring?

Dick. Yes sir! and every one of my letters.

Beau. Take your old things. Boo hoo! boo hoo! (*gives ring*

Dick. Don't cry.

Beau. I ain't crying, I'm just laughing to think what trouble I've escaped. Just go right off, I don't wan't to see you again.

Dick. Do you mean it?

Beau. Course I do, you horrid old thing.

Dick. Well, I'll do it. If ever the billows of trouble are over your head, and you need a friend, promise you will remember me.

Beau. (*aside*) Gee, don't he talk nice, he sounds just like an autograph album.

Dick. You will think kindly of me when I'm gone.

Beau. Boo hoo! boo hoo! ain't you gone?

Dick. Beauty, haven't you got one kind word to say to me before I go? You'll be sorry when I'm gone.

Beau. You'r a mean old brute so you are, you just go 'round breaking the girls hearts. I hate you! I hate you! Boo hoo! boo hoo!

Dick. Good-bye, Beauty, good-bye!

Beau. Good-bye, good-bye! Boo hoo! Oh! dear. Oh! dear. I shall never speak to you again.

Dick. Good-bye. (*exit*, L. E.

Beau. Good-bye, good-bye! He's gone and I didn't mean a word I said. Boo hoo! I just know he'll never come back. Boo hoo! Mean thing, he might have known I was fooling. Well, if he don't come back, I'll just live an old maid, so I will, and I don't want to either. Boo hoo! Oh! Dickey! Dickey!

Enter, DICKEY, L. E.

Dick. I'm here!

Beau. Didn't go very far, did you? I knew you'd come back. Sit right down and I'll reason with you, there! (*sits on lounge*

Dick. I don't want to be reasoned with.

Beau. Oh! yes you do, if I do it. Say, do you know I believe I'm beginning to like you. (*business*) Oh! don't get so near.

Dick. No! Well, I've liked you all the time, ever since we were both in petticoats.

Beau. And you used to cry for the biggest piece of pie.

Dick. And then you'd coax it away from me.

Beau. Oh! we must have loved each other an awful long time. Am I crowding you?

Dick. Oh, no! I like to be crowded.

Beau. Do you, so do I. You can crowd just as much as you want. Do you still want to marry me?

Dick. Yes, for better or worse.

Beau. I'm afraid 'twill all be worse.

Dick. I'll risk it.

Beau. You promise you won't never tease me again?

Dick. Yes.

Beau. Nor call me horrid names?

Dick. Yes, anything.

Beau. And you'll always obey me—come in early at night—tell me all your lodge secrets—mind the—?

Dick. Yes, but for heaven's sake, wait till we are married.

Beau. And I can do just as I please, without your tagging around after me?

Dick. Anything.

Beau. And I shall want a new bonnet every season.

Dick. You shall have it.

Beau. Then I'm yours. Take in your arms the poor lone orphan, who's not able to take care of herself— (*business*

Enter, BASIL, ELSIE *and* MR. DERWENT, R. E.

These Mr. Brown, I think the dust is out of my eye.

Dick. Here it is on the tip of my finger.

Beau. Thank you. (*to* ELSIE) Mr. Brown came to my assistance in an hour of distress. I suffered with a piece of dust in my eye and he has removed it.

Elsie. Well that was kind of him, considering the amount of dust you've been throwing into his eyes lately.

Beau. Me throw dust; I don't understand.

Elsie. You treated him shamefully.

Beau. Well, he seemed to like it. Say, has uncle forgiven you?

Elsie. Father has forgiven us both. He has taken back the curse.

Beau. I'm so happy, I want to go off and have a good cry.

Dick. So do I—let's go.

Beau. No, I can stand it a little while longer; you just want to get me by myself. Oh! you'll have enough of me after while.

Basil. Now father, will you give us your blessing—

Beau. Just pass us one, please. Dickey and I are to be one, and I'm to be the one—see?

Elsie. But I thought you was never going to marry.

Beau. I didn't want to, but he just forced me into it. He'll be sorry, for I shall lead him a terrible life. I'll have him in chains half the time.

Dick. And I shall hug my chains.

Elsie. You have given up the idea of becoming a countess?

Beau. Yes, they are all frauds—I mean all that wanted me. I have got what is better—a noble, honest man.

Elsie. That you have—brave, brave Dickey. I shall never forget what a true, staunch friend you were to me.

Dick. Don't! I don't want to cry now, it wouldn't be proper.

Beau. Uncle, can Dickey have me? He hasn't the courage to ask for himself.

Mr. D. And you want to leave me too? I don't know what I shall do without my little romp.

Beau. That's what Dickey thought—yes you did—

Mr. D. Well, I've grown old and can't afford to give anything but my blessings. God bless you all and keep you in the paths of peace and prosperity.

Elsie. Father! my dear, dear father.

Dick. I want to dance, I feel so good.

Dick. Let's all air our throats. (*song—"Home Again"*

Basil. See the storm has ceased. It is the precursor of a bright new life.

Elsie. And we shall live it so nobly, so grandly.

Basil. Yes, now surely "Bound in Honor."

CURTAIN.

THE END.

OUR KITTIE.

A Comedy Drama in three acts by Minnie Polson, for 6 male and 3 female characters. Costumes easily obtained. Time of performance 2 hours.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—Home of Major Hart—Rosemond and her uncle—A letter from Col. Gordon—"Be a father to my little girl"—"Oh! these females, I detest them"—The telegram, "I'm coming"—Arrival of "Our Kittie"—"A regular cyclone in petticoats"—"Our Pet"—Ha! ha! ha!—Mrs. Carter's fright—Kittie rides the Major's race horse, Firefly—"O! these females, they will be the death of me"—Christopher Columbus—Mr. Warbler, of Warblersville—"Way down Barnum cage it"—Kittie snubs the Warbler—"She comed from de West, she did"—Kittie and her guardian—Col. Davenport—A former lover of Kittie's mother—"Gold Dust Arthur's arrival"—"Look out Guardy, you'll explode."

ACT II.—The interrupted proposal—Is it Kittie or Rose, I love—Arthur and Kittie—The failure of the mines—The Major's despair—"I am ruined"—Gold dust Arthur proposes to Kittie—How Kittie accepts it—Mrs. Carter and Christopher.

ACT III.—The ruined home—Mrs. Carter and Christopher have a disagreement—Gold Dust Arthur has ruined us—Notes not worth the paper they are written on—Kittie's resolve—Rosemond's appeal to Col. Davenport, a failure—$5,000 for you Kittie, if you will be my wife—I accept it and the condition—"God help me to bear this new sorrow—"Guardy, here is the money which will save you—A heart within a Hart—"Col. Davenport comes here as my future husband—Kittie's fortune comes one hour late—Arthur's dispair at Kittie's rash act—Col. Davenport discovers Kittie in Arthur's arm; the explanation by Warbler—The Col. releases Kittie and presents her with the $5,000 as a wedding present—Christopher discovers Major Hart and Mrs. Carter's love affair—"Our Kittie it was who has saved us"—Happy ending, and six of a kind.

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SYNOPSIS.

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OR,

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MR. CHARLES O. WILLARD.

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SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—The picnic near the "Black Hawk's" cave. The lawyers and Mike. Little Goldie has fun with the Judge. Mike makes love to Matilda. The Judge is appealed to. Matilda and the Judge. Joe arrived late. The Captain of the Black Hawks shows up. Tells the gang a story. Old Jones is rich. The plot. Peter's meets old Jones. The struggle. Little Goldie to the rescue, backed by the Judge and his "cannon." "It wouldn't do in this glorious climate of Colorado."

ACT II.—The Col. and the Maj. lament the escape of the Black Hawks. The Judge gets drunk. Mike tells some new. The boys "lay" for the school teacher. The school teacher arrives. A female. The Judge makes a speech. Joe drops in and cuts them all out. Matilda and the Judge. Mike gets mad. The Capt. of the Black Hawks again. Little Goldie at her pranks—has trouble with Godfrey. Joe interferes. The Col. and Maj. get in their work. Judge tries to escape from Matilda. Mike helps him out. The recognition. The story. I will be there. The quarrel. "Drop that knife, or I'll fill you full of holes."

ACT III.—The home of Edith. Matilda tells a little gossip and departs. Joe calls and tells Edith of his love. The Judge hears him refused. Joe departs. The Judge tries his hand. Matilda unexpectedly returns. The Judge in a fix. Little Goldie again. A new baby. Godfrey calls on Edith. The promise. "So will I." The Col. and Maj. Mike happens along. The Judge takes a hand. Little Goldie looking for Joe. Handsome Harry. "I'll play this alone if I die for it." Near the Black Hawk's retreat. The Black Hawks. Godfrey waiting Edith's arrival. Edith arrives. "Never." "Then go where you belong." Handsome Harry to the rescue. "Defend yourself." Harry is overpowered. The fate of a traitor. Goldie to the rescue. The terrible fall of Godfrey.

ACT IV.—Bummer Jones' (George Winfred) home in Denver. Mike Flynn in command. The reformed Bummer. The letters. The letter from the nephew. The nephew arrives. Godfrey as a "Missionary." The uncle writes a letter dictated by the nephew. The arrival of the Judge. The murder. The Col. and Joe. Godfrey's claim. Mike tells what he heard. Godfrey accused of murder. "His child and the heiress is dead." The heiress found is Little Goldie. Handsome Harry. Godfrey cheats the law. Edith and Joe. Unexpected arrival of Matilda. Happy finale.

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